The Pen

Thoughts flow from the pen onto the page,
A dazzling stream of fiction in the night time,
An endless tract of experience in the days.

Words our thoughts we seemingly become,
Chains which bind the pen in circuitous tales,
The present becomes the past which we came from.

But lift the pen from the paper and find,
The words now gone, the pen still there.
The point of the pen sharpened like a mind.

What is this that holds the pen?

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